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simply treated than be placed on trial to discover lost tints or beauties. Copal judiciously applied with reference to its specific qualities is invaluable, and no work properly adapted for its reception will be injured by it. Col. Trumbull, like many of his brethren, meddled with "gumptions and megilps," and his canvases show it; but, instead of lamentation over the fact, our work in the present day, our homage to him, and our duty to posterity is to save from further decay what we can; and every effort that every lover of Art can make, should be given to bear on this end, that the priceless works of himself and others in American design, may be kept in most exquisite order, because of their intrinsic value, also for the lessons of neatness and good taste, that a well-kept collection inculcates.

A council of artists of known standing and sound experience would soon determine if a proper party to *arrest further decay* in pictures, is among us, and if there be not one, surely the crisis calls for a herculean effort to bring one here from abroad; but for the sake of American Art, let no one but a genuine, thoroughly competent, and conscientious artist (not any mere artisan) have them confided to him. Let them be tenderly treated—the choicer works protected in front by plate-glass, secured an eighth or quarter of an inch from the canvas, so as not to touch it; a new canvas, face outwards applied to the back of the stretcher, or oil-cloth, are excellent preservatives from dust and damp—the greatest agents in the decay of pictures. Col. T. took particular precaution against both in the Rotunda at Washington, and his example is an excellent one for observance nearer home.

"Repairing," is apostrophized by "Trumbull," but the word is his—not mine. I do not advocate it in the sense he uses it, and would rather see the Colonel's works as he painted them, indeed, even as they now are, than if they were made an hundred-fold finer by the repainting and retouching of the greatest of artists, living or dead. Let not "Trumbull" be disquieted in his soul about there being any necessity to subject these works to the "flying" process of such "repairing" and "cleaning," which affects him like "torch and fogot." It is quite unnecessary. Such as are affected by atomic decay, may by removal of accumulated foulness from the surface, and by the stopping up of fissures and cracks (together with the means already suggested), have an easy, simple, and safe release from the "worm i' the bud," that is fast preying on them. If the canvas is much decomposed, lining is the only alternative. Attention to the pictures a few years ago, would possibly have prevented a need for it.

These MS. memoranda of Col. Trumbull's process, etc., would be very acceptable to artists, and their publication by Professor Silliman, or edited by a capable artist, would be a boon. Press for their publication in your columns, therein easily accessible, wherever your journal circulates; they may enable artists to escape known errors of practice.

Waiting the revivification of the Trumbull Gallery at Yale College,
I am hopefully yours, W. C.

P. S.—Yale has responded—but of Fort Hale? Another winter's forces of snow, and frost, and rain, and thaw, will soon be at work, disintegrating its walls, and obliterating evidences of Revolutionary struggle, and yet only a few hours' labor, and a peck or two of lime might save the arch and protect other exposed parts! Bricks from the edifice are strewn about the shore.

BOOK NOTICES.

MUCH entertaining matter is to be found in an elegant holiday book called "Summer Time in the Country," by the Rev. Robert Aris Willmott. Berket Foster contributes the illustrations. The work consists of a journal extending from the first of May to the middle of August. The charms of English scenery and of English authors are dilated upon; extracts from the poets abound, and interspersed among these are criticisms and anecdotes of literary men, together with many sound moral reflec-

tions. Our readers can better judge of the merits of the writer by a few passages selected at random.

The shadow gives a parallel for a life as well as for a genius. That man fleeth like a shadow, and never continueth in one stay, is among the most touching lessons of the dead. Our kindred, not less than our own recollections, illustrate the Prophet and the psalmist:

—forever as we run,
We cast a longer shadow in the sun!
And now a charm, and now a grave is won.

I am pleased to trace out the resemblance in my summer ramble; and when I see myself climbing the silver beech, and losing my head in the top branches, a moral is not wanting.

There is another and a livelier comparison. Sometimes I walk up to the park-paling, and endeavor to look my own shadow in the face; but it is gone, and the robin,

The pensive warbler of the ruddy breast,

which sat on the top and seemed to sing to it, is vanished also. Here is a simile full of purifying truth. I remember, with good Arthur Warwick, that all our pleasures are shadows, thrown by prosperous sunlight along our journey, and ever deceiving and flying us most when most we follow them. The vapory form on the mossy pales, with the robin singing over its head, is only the emblem of some empty dream that walks through life by our side, with Hope carolling above it, and disappearing when reflection draws near, and looks at it with calm and earnest eyes.

There is much truth in the following:

The art of discovering the elements of beauty, and modifying them to his own use, appears to be one of the chief implements of the orator and poet. Burke told Barry: "There is no faculty of the mind which can bring its energy into effect, unless the memory be stored with ideas for it to work on." Genius made Achilles and Lady Macbeth, but observation of character supplied the rudiments of creation. In one, we have the ideal of heroism—in the other, of crime. The supremacy of intellect is shown in the elevation and brightening of each borrowed feature, so as to harmonize with the countenance into which it is blended. In other words, imitation must be governed by selection. The pictures of Caravaggio exhibit the injurious results of one of these qualities in isolation. A beggar is transformed into a saint, but the mendicant nature remains under the new type. The same defect is observable in Guido. The feminine expression constantly reappears; Venus and Judith are equally delicate and gentle. In looking, therefore, at the cloud of poets whom the commentators bring forward as creditors of Milton, we may recollect Opie's definition, and resolve invention into the command of a large treasury of ideas, and an instinctive readiness and grace in combining them through every variety of shape and color.

Walter Savage Landor is thus criticised:

I find Archdeacon Hare commending, with measureless praise, the genius of Mr. Landor. The judgment of Coleridge comes nearer to my taste: "What is it that Mr. Landor wants to make him a poet? His powers are certainly very considerable, but he seems totally deficient in that modifying faculty, which compresses several units into one whole. His poems, taken as wholes, are unintelligible; you have eminences excessively bright, and all the ground around and beneath them in darkness. Besides which he has never learned, with all his energy, to write simple and lucid English." The earnest and affectionate applause of Southey should be thrown into the opposite scale. His admiration of Gebir was evidently sincere. But a few beautiful thoughts, shooting stars in the dark, offer to most readers the only allurements in Mr. Landor's poetry. His descriptions of the shell that still murmurs of the ocean, and of the long moonbeam that—

—on the hard wet sand
Lay like a Jasper column half up-reared,—

are quite enchanting. Of every great author in prose or verse the motion, within certain variations, is uniform. When the singing robe is put off, the Olympian may be known by his walk. It is not so with Mr. Landor. He glitters in purple, or hobbles in rags; is either a prince, or a mendicant on Parnassus. He altogether reverses his own character of writers, who are to circulate through coming ages; who, once "above the heads of contemporaries, rise slowly and waveringly, then regularly and erectly, then rapidly and majestically, till the vision strains and aches as it pursues them in their ethereal elevation." This is precisely what he does not perform. Now and then he disengages himself from the lumber that clogs him, and begins to ascend. For a moment, he goes up bravely, higher and higher, flashing abroad fair colors in the sunlight, and catching glimpses of towered cities, crowded rivers, and spreading forests. We gaze after his flight with wonder. But before we can tell the story the buoyancy vanishes, and the pilgrim of the sun is seen tumbling back to earth; not with a flaming fall, but lifeless, powerless, collapsed—the breath of inspiration exhausted—to be dragged home in gaudy tatters and defilement. The catastrophe is regretted in proportion as the ascending impulse is strong.

Mr. Landor has spoken with delight of a draught of pure home-drawn English, from a spring a little sheltered and shaded, but not entangled in the path to it by antiquity; and he adds, in a richer style, the picturesque contrast of Bacon and Shakespeare, between whom he sees "as great a difference as between an American forest and a London timber-yard. In the timber-yard the materials are sawed, and squared, and set across; in the forest we have the natural form of the tree, all its growth, all its branches; all its leaves, all the mosses that grow about it, all the birds and insects that inhabit it; now deep shadows absorbing the whole wilderness; now bright bursting glade, with exuberant grass and flowers and fruitage; now untroubled skies, now terrific thunder-storms; everywhere multiformity, everywhere immensity." Among the delightful passages of the poet's prose, I would name the conversation of Sir Philip Sidney and Lord Brooke at Penshurst, which breathes the wisest thoughts in a strain of music, winning and serious. How beautiful is the remark of Sidney: "Friendship is a vase which, when it is flawed by heat, or violence, or accident, may as well be broken at once; it can never be trusted after. The more graceful and ornamental it was, the more clearly do we discern the hopelessness of restoring it to its former state. Coarse stones, if they are fractured, may be cemented again; precious ones, never."

But the author seldom suffers our pleasure to be without a jar. His great deficiency seems to be in *taste*. He wants, to an extraordinary degree, that bright faculty which colors, subdues, shapes, and combines all the treasures of imagination. His music requires cadence, his painting tone. A coarse satiric humor sometimes breaks out with painful effect. It is a snatch of a political ballad, in the intricate melody of Mozart: it is a sweet face of Murillo, with a border by Cruikshank. Let me not, however, forget the tribute of Southey: "What you have heard me say of his temper is the best and only explanation of his faults. Never did man represent himself in his writings so much less generous, less just, less compassionate than he really is. I certainly never knew any one of brighter genius, or of kinder heart."

We close with this extract under the head of June 3:

Standing under this lime-tree, every bough utters its own sermon. The shadowy motion on the grass preaches. In the world nothing is still. The earth moves; small things and great obey the law; and this chequered turf, to which I am giving a fainter green with the pressure of my feet, goes round the sun as swiftly as the vast forests of America.

The elements are always changing. So is society. A merchant, his speculations hardened into gold, swells up a lord; or, blown into air, disappears in smoke. Nothing but the Christian mind is unaf-

ected by this circular motion and variability. I recollect an illustration in a black folio of the seventeenth century, rich as usual in conceits, controversy, grandeur, and Greek: As a watch, though tossed up and down by the agitation of him who carries it, does not, on that account, undergo any perturbation or disorder in the working of the spring and wheels within, so the true Christian heart, however shaken by the joltings it meets with in the pressure and tumult of the world, suffers no derangement in the adjustment and action of its machinery. The hand still points to eternity.

The weakest portion of the book appears to show itself in what relates to Art. The author professes too great sympathy for old masters. This is not surprising, as he is evidently a book-worm. His love for nature comes to him vicariously through the perception of poets, instead of its being of spontaneous growth. With the same spirit does he love old canvases. In a work, however, of so great excellence, such a weakness is of trifling importance. For a Christmas present, there is no publication of the season equal to "Summer Time in the Country."

THE HORTICULTURAL MONTHLY.—A Journal of Rural Affairs, edited by William H. Willcox, and published by James Stillman, Morrisania, Westchester Co., N. Y. As its title indicates, this periodical is devoted to matters connected with the culture of fruit, flowers and the produce of the garden. The opening paper is a short history of landscape gardening, by Mr. Willcox, whose facile and graphic pen has been occasionally employed for the benefit of the readers of THE CRAYON. Mr. Willcox will spare no efforts to make his periodical interesting and instructive.

THE NORTH WESTERN QUARTERLY MAGAZINE, conducted by James Grant Wilson, published by R. Blanchard, Chicago. This new periodical presents itself in an attractive dress, being well printed, well edited, and generally entertaining. One of the articles is entitled "About Painters and their Works." Mr. Wilson has taste, knowledge, and capacity, and is abundantly qualified to fulfill the promise of the first number.

THE ACORN is the title of a monthly paper published at Newburg, N. Y., by five youthful editors—now perhaps where some of their older brethren ought to be, or would like to be—at school. The contents consist of tales and poetry tastefully selected, and many original articles furnished by the young editors. No better outlet for youthful enthusiasm and energy could be devised than that of publishing a paper like this.

Messrs. James Munroe & Co., Boston, will shortly republish "The Poor Artist," from the original London edition. The author of this work is R. H. Horne.

To Correspondents.—S. F. D. will appear in a future Number.

No artistic harmony, however high, can please the æsthetic faculty, if it be accompanied with moral discords. Any work of Art, though addressed directly to the imagination, does, in fact, affect the whole man; for the man is not composed of separate bundles, but he is one and inseparable, and cannot cease to have moral feelings, merely because you wield a skillful brush or a nimble tongue. The moral congruities being the deepest seated and most ineradicable, must be assumed as a necessary sub-stratum by all artists and exhibitors, even the most fanciful. If they do not aspire directly to stimulate and to elevate the noblest part of human nature, they must at least beware not to offend, or even to ignore it.—J. S. Blackie.